

THE
PATRIOT POET,
A
SATIRE.

Inscribed to the Reverend Mr. CH-----LL.

By a COUNTRY CURATE.

Lufit amabilitèr, donec jam fævus APERTAM
IN RABIEEM verti cæpit

HOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WILKIE, in St. Paul's Church Yard.
MDCCCLXIV.

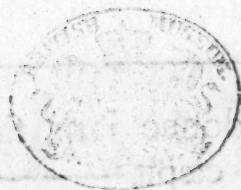
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A

SATURDAY

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PATRIOT POET,
A
SATIRE.

NO more, my friend——yes, tho' no muse inspire,
I'll write: thou, indignation! be my fire.

While men, with parts for honest trades unfit,
Succeed as authors in the lists of wit;
While they, to turn a penny in the trade,
Sift each event, each character invade,
This week remarkers, answerers the next,
Hunger not conscience furnishing the text;

B

While

While, Hydra-like, beneath each keen review,
For one damn'd piece two viler spring anew ;
While W * * * * * and Ch * * * * * bear away the fame,
This of a poet's, that a patriot's flame ;
While honest giddy multitudes mislead
Miscall one HAMPDEN, tho' to virtue dead,
In th' other, rolling turbulent along,
Mistake the foam of spleen for strength of song :
Why may I not like others seek success
In the propitious lott'ry of the press ?
'Tis all a lott'ry : fortune there presides,
Lurks in the wheel, and ev'ry motion guides ;
Sends up a blank at random or a prize :
Alike a friend to dunces as the wise.
Observe two tickets rising : see what's got !—
DAVENANT ten thousand—blank is MILTON's lot.
The world approves or damns, with erring voice,
By this same fortune's blind capricious choice.
'Tis true ; in time the censure we recant :
Alas ! the wit is starv'd before for want.

Far as I am from higher scenes confin'd,
Which brighten fancy, and sublime the mind;
Why mayn't I rise by fortune's blind decree?
She favours dunces, and may favour me.
Then let me write, and tempt the chance of rhyme——

F. No : mind your preaching ; be advis'd in time.
Novice in life ! tho' fortune bears a part ;
Yet authorship depends on rules of art.
Believe me, W***** and Ch***** prudent men,
Owe more to art than fortune at the pen.
Hear me with patience : if you can condemn
My reasoning, you may glut the press like them.

When FORTY EIGHT rose low'ring on our isle,
And clos'd vile measures with a peace as vile ;
Tho' BRITISH powder, taught the foe to spare,
In squibbs and rockets nobly brav'd the air ;
Tho' joys external trappings caught the eye :
Yet BRITAIN's genius heav'd the secret sigh.
Infidious FRANCE, amidst th' illusive show,
With smiling malice aim'd her deadliest blow.

Those states, whence commerce draws her golden tide,
 (Once understood by faction now deny'd)
 Those states she mark'd her victims, fixt to gain
 Or plunge them headlong in the western main.
 A wiser few foresaw the curst design,
 The deep-laid train, before she sprung her mine;
 Foretold the mischief menacing the realm:
 In vain: N***** flumber'd at the helm.

Intent on his domestic pow'r alone,
 Conferring favours but to prop his throne;
 Refusing majesty the smallest share,
 Unless it spoke his lordship very fair;
 Viewing whole crowds in servile order stand
 Rais'd by his smile, and by his frown unman'd;
 Reigning thus o'er the creatures of his whim:
 What was the foreign state of things to him?

Louder and louder spread the dire alarms:
 The public rous'd the nodding chief to arms.

A recreant, waken'd by the midnight thief,
 Flies yelling to some covert for relief,

Or makes some poor, faint, shivering, vain, essay :
 The thief in triumph bears his prize away.
 So fares our patriot waken'd from his trance :
 Pale horror shakes his frame : exulting FRANCE
 Threatens invasions : here with haggard eyes
 The watchman peeps : she steals th' unguarded prize.
 Our wealth in ill-tim'd armaments mis-spent,
 Rout and disaster mark each foul event.
 Plantations, nodding on the verge of fate,
 Threaten destruction to their parent-state.

Here, like a guardian angel, P*** arofe ;
 Return'd the rout in vengeance on our foes.
 His wisdom guided, and his vigour warm'd :
 Resistance sunk appall'd, unnerv'd, disarm'd.
 In every clime he bid our thunder roar,
 From every clime triumphant laurels bore.

Heav'ns ! what is man ! how mournful to survey
 The good and wise led like the fool astray !
 Sure, 'tis design'd to humble human trust,
 And lay the pride of mortals in the dust !

He, in the rage of conquest and of pow'r,
 Thwarted the counsels of his wiser hour,
 He, who so oft expos'd to scorn before
 Our German leagues, with more than ROMAN lore;
 Yes, he forsook the empire of the main,
 With BRITISH blood dy'd every GERMAN plain,
 Sent noblest shades unhonour'd to their urn,
 Sunk wealth in millions, never to return.
 The c***y rais'd supplies; he freely spent;
 And she as freely gave for Cent per Cent.

The kingdom groan'd beneath th' oppressive load:
 Patriots of old!—in whom that virtue glow'd
 A living active principle, that's found
 Now mostly in pretence and empty sound;
 HYDE, WALSINGHAM, GODOLPHIN, HARLEY, rise!
 Assist a monarch, who will hear the wise.

This wealth, that tends to feed yon' flames of war,
 (You see th' effects in blazing towns afar)
 Tends but to weaken and distress at home,
 To load with pressures ages yet to come,

And

And leave the gasping state to rise or fall
 At HARPIES' mercy, deaf to mercy's call.
 There red-ey'd discord threatens all her woes
 To him that gives the troubled world repose :
 Here prudence and compassion rend the heart :
 What should he do? — HE TAKES THE BETTER PART.

Yes, each just end of hostile ravage gain'd,
 All the true sources of our strength maintain'd,
 Our foes so humbled, if they rise anew,
 That double vengeance may their crimes pursue;
 In the soft anguish of a generous mind
 Pitying th' extended sufferings of mankind,
 He bade wide devastation's rage to cease :
 He spake : and all the world was hush'd in peace.

Save our own nation : boisterous as the main,
 That bounds with azure walls her steadfast reign,
 She turns her wrath to break her own repose ;
 Better reserv'd to wreak upon her foes !

Her people, generous, fond of war's alarms,
 Dazzled with triumphs, and the glare of arms,

In fancy join'd GOLCONDA to PERU;
 All nations prostrate flatter'd in the view.
 Blind to their inward wants, they only saw
 War's treacherous pomp, illusive fame's eclat.

In time the croud, tho' giddy, sees aright;
 Where knavery meddles not to blind their sight.
 Alas! knaves meddled: faction's noisy yell
 Inflam'd the croud with falsehoods coin'd in hell.
 Contractors, commissaries, Jews, stock-jobbers,
 Mock-patriots, and unnumber'd public robbers—
 Who think the devil take the state for them,
 So they get pelf——all, all the peace condemn.
 Thus faction, pouring from a thousand rills,
 Bursts o'er the state, and every province fills.

Now W***** and Ch***** (to resume our theme)
 Swim down like prudent writers with the stream,
 Their works are buoy'd up by the turbid tide;
 Certain in clearer waters to subside.
 If you would write then, you like them must chime
 With the prevailing temper of the time.

That

That point secur'd, you're certain to succeed:

Outrage is wit, profaneness beats the creed.

A prelate, first in learning as in place,

Hook'd in his PITT, altho' he wrote of grace:

He did it, I suppose, to nick the tide:

Follow this plan.—

A. Your counsel shall be try'd.

DISCORD! whatever title please thine ear,

Hell-born sedition, wild confusion, hear!

Thou, who in ev'ry age hast steel'd some pest,

To point his dagger at his country's breast,

Give me, like W***** thy wildest hottest rage;

To beat th' united plagues of every age.

League me with this, thy dear, thy fav'rite brand;

And lend the trump, that maddens all the land!

That FRANCE may smile, to see our public cares

Employ'd in struggling with domestic snares;

To see her conqueror by herself undone:

Her discord losing, what her valour won!

And thou, sonorous Ch*****, teach my line

To flow exuberantly wild like thine:

D

Teach

Teach me to twist a thought a thousand ways,
 And string with idle particles my lays;
 That, one poor sentiment exhausted, *when*
 The weary reader hopes a respite, *then*
 I may spring on with force redoubled, *till*,
 I break him panting breathless to my will;
 And make him, tir'd in periods of a mile,
 Gape in deep wonder at my rapid stile.

• My pray'r is heard : now, discord ! for thy cry
 And wild uproar : down, conscience ! while I lye.

SCOTLAND, tho' every hostile field and plain
 Have seen her freely bleed at every vein
 In BRITAIN'S service ; from our vices fled
 Tho' genius there exalts it's radiant head ;
 Yet SCOTLAND is a base detested earth :
 She gave a rash yet virtuous B*TE his birth.

P——'s uniform in measures and debate,
 And never blunder'd at the helm at state ;
 He never storm'd and hector'd o'er the throne ;
 Nor strove to rule in rugged pride alone.

By

By self-fought disappointment's spleen betray'd,
 (His noble service nobly too repay'd,)
 Ne'er, 'gainst his sovereign, ('twere a base return!)
 Leagu'd with a faction, which his soul must spurn.

T*****, sweet T*****, gentle as a dove,
 Shews kings by base affronts a subject's love.

His friend N——, who in service past
 Patch'd up worse peaces, justly damns the last.
 He, who, to comfort closing life, can't make
 The boast of raising one for merit's sake,
 With justice surely cries, that pow'r's misplac'd
 In a young prince of virtue and of taste.

H*****, tho' wise and upright, yet of self
 So fond, plots for the public not himself.

C——SH, in blood not nobler than in mind,
 By birth to legal monarchy inclin'd,
 Figures with wondrous honour at the head
 Of selfish faction ; for the king's misled :
 The king's misled ; because, at reason's call,
 He chose to reign a patriot king o'er all.

No. I recant the whole : my thoughts rebell ;
 I hate such hackney'd falsehoods worse than hell !
 With generous pity heaves the feeling breast,
 And mourns the curse, a patriot-king distressed.
 A monarch, who first breath'd in BRITISH air,
 So late the favourite theme of every pray'r,
 All these frail vows forsaken, while he strove
 To reign o'er all with one impartial love,
 Sees himself fall a narrow faction's slave ;
 Betray'd by people, whom he meant to save.

Controul'd himself, the monarch is to guide
 The people's madness and the nobles' pride.
 Yet, BRITAIN, drawn, by false seductive cries,
 From those dark councils where her danger lies,
 Sees not this well-pois'd balance, plann'd of old
 By men in wisdom's brightest page enroll'd,
 This well-pois'd balance, form'd at once to quash
 Sedition's rage, and check th' oppressor's lash,
 Now nod and totter in the dire debate :
 Her folly helps it verging to it's fate.

This

This balance gone, confusion covers all;
First let me die, or with it let me fall!

F. Your zeal's own heat will frustrate all it's aims:
He points (they'll sneer) like others to ST. JAMES.
Some good fat living (thus will faction cry)
Or stall prebendal glitters in his eye.

A. Curse on the tricks of faction; so it will—
Sure in the stores of heav'n some chosen ill,
Some red-hot bolt, with double vengeance hurl'd,
Waits those who brought the curse upon the world.
Those hypocrites, who plead religion's cause,
Yet, sunk in vices, trample on her laws;
Those hypocrites, who with outrageous zeal
Storm roar and bluster for the public weal,
Abuse and curse the management of state;
To sell their conscience at a higher rate.
These, virtue's scandal, tittering folly's mirth,
Make honesty a bye word on the earth.

I've prob'd my soul: the censure it defies,
And dares to noisy faction say, it lyes.

E'er in the honest middle path I trod,
 Unknown to Courtiers, only known to God.
 Each party's hot intemp'rate sons will hold
 My zeal was cast in some unfashion'd mold.
 For I abjure them equally, who rob
 My soul of freedom, tyrant king or mob.

Where's my self-interest? Do not all allow
 That wise church-seekers interfere not now?
 Cautious they stand spectators of the fray;
 Ready to hail the side that wins the day.

Blest be the hour, that sent me first to school,
 And rank'd my state above th' illiterate fool!
 On my good parents heav'ns your blessings shed,
 Who spar'd, to teach me, from their daily bread!
 Tho' poor my lot, contentment makes it blest:
 I can't be poor, of wisdom's lore possess'd.
 Virtue, truth, honour's nicest sense it brings,
 By wealth not purchas'd nor confer'd by kings.
 Freedom in ATTIC lore I learnt to prize:
 In *Roman* CÆSARS tyrants to despise.

And while I saw whole empires rise and fall
 In mortal frail succession o'er the ball,
 And trac'd the causes to their distant springs;
 I found the longest-liv'd were held by kings.

Republics, many a foolish BRITON's theme,
 Ravish in fancy's visionary scheme.
 To some small spot, like ATTICA, confin'd,
 (One virtue ruling as a common mind,)
 They live awhile indeed : the fostering plan
 Wakes, warms, exalts all that's sublime in man.

Refining arts and sciences arise,
 And prove our great alliance with the skies.
 Here artful colours mimic grapes pourtray :
 The birds descend, and hope a real prey.
 Here stone pretends to breathe in mimic strife,
 We doubt our eyes, and feel to find it life.
 Here art, with deep and exquisite design,
 Arrays her Jove in majesty divine ;
 He seems to shake his bolt and bend his brow :
 Shrinking we dread th' imaginary blow.

Here

Here all the muses wing their flight on high :
 The rapid flight outstrips the aching eye.
 The tragic spreads her terrors, dreadful train :
 We shake and scarce believe our fears are vain.
 She spreads her softer tender scenes of woe :
 We know 'tis fiction, yet our sorrows flow.
 The comic lifts her glass with magic guile :
 The laughing fool is mended by his smile.

Calm'd by some cool still walk or silent stream,
 Here sages trace the deep abstracted theme :
 Th' unbody'd mind, in strong and active wing
 Pursuing good up to it's purest spring,
 Finds man not form'd to grovel in the dust,
 In vile pollutions of inferior lust,
 Points out the lore of virtue to refine
 And from the brute distinguish the divine.

Here freedom bids the warm conception roll
 With all her native energy of soul,
 And thunder in persuasion from the tongue,
 Clear yet impetuous, regular yet strong.

Yet,

Yet, while they take these different roads to fame,
 Their country's love is still a common flame.
 Each seeks his interest in his country's cause,
 Each in her glory seeks his own applause.
 The patriot flame burns unconfin'd to place,
 At home, in exile, honour, or disgrace.

Against a state like this a tyrant brought
 His million : rivers vanish'd at their draught.
 A state like this, in freedom's ardour strong,
 Defy'd, destroy'd the vast unweildy throng.
 Each muse, each art, the spreading ardour shar'd,
 And prais'd as nobly as the heroes dar'd.
 Praising the past, they wak'd the latent seeds
 Of future worth, to match the fathers' deeds.
 Fame snatch'd their glory from the teeth of time,
 To point to man his nature's great sublime.

This freedom does : yet transcient, tho' serene,
 The rage of party soon deforms the scene.
 Soon thwarting views and clashing interests burst
 Th' attractive social chain, that join'd at first ;

The system into various fragments flies ;
 And jarring faction's thousand forms arise.
 The sweets of concord now are known no more :
 They hate as warmly as they lov'd before.
 Not beasts of prey eternal battles wage,
 A league of friendship oft suspends their rage ;
 Discordant states oft whirl their arms aside,
 Tamning their wrath they own themselves ally'd,
 And in the foe once more acknowledge man :
 These can forgive : but parties never can.
 They burn with steadfast and immortal hate
 Quench'd only in the ruins of the state.

Is some wise measure plann'd for public good ?
 'Tis by some jealous selfish arts withstood,
 It gains some party credit ; and, as such,
 Others oppose : it hurts their cause as much.
 Rises some genius of superior weight,
 To fix their empire at it's noblest height ?
 All seem o'ershadow'd, while he dares aspire :
 They join to crush him, as a common fire.

Thus crost and crossing in the strife of pow'r,
 Their measures varying with the varying hour,
 While they project, undo, decree, revoke,
 Some firmer empire bends them to it's yoke.

Or by debasing luxury unnerv'd,
 (Nothing of freedom but the pride reserv'd,)
 They just the poor proud privilege retain
 To fix on their own necks some tyrant's chain.
 Prompted by freedom few may strive to save,
 Yet more by freedom suffer'd will enslave.

Or they, wrapt into hostile flames, divide :
 No pow'r to rule them ; brutal arms decide.
 Th' unpeopled country mourns her children slain,
 And fall'n ignobly on their native plain.
 Some neighbouring tyrant, jealous of their state,
 Foments the quarrel, and enflames their hate,
 Helping the weaker ; till by discord broke
 Victors and vanquish'd groan beneath his yoke.

Where there's no head to govern and controul
 With the directive influence of a soul ;

Ev'n

Ev'n freedom's blessing tends but to undo
Enobling countries and destroying too.

Thus when, directed by their common fun,
In stated rounds dependent planets run,
They rise in fair succession, and bestow
Their radiant influence o'er the world below.
Man lifts with conscious joy his grateful eyes,
Blessing the friendly concord of the skies.
His pow'r suspended—starting from their course
They'd rush with headlong undirected force,
And shipwreck'd worlds on worlds in ruins fall,
And once again old Chaos swallow all.

What's to be done? shall man, to shun this ill,
Fly to the tyrant's arbitrary will?
No, see that ATHENS, once by sages trod,
How sunk beneath oppression's iron rod!
That blood, which once in CIMON's bosom glow'd,
Or in mild current thro' a PLATO flow'd,
Now works (sad change!) it's creeping, flow, cold course,
Thro' some dull slave unconscious of it's source.

Thrice

Thrice welcome to my choice, my native state!
 Tho' thou like others too must yield to fate;
 Yet thou, with wisdom culling every flow'r,
 The sweets of freedom and the strength of pow'r,
 Art plann'd to flourish: mayst thou still adorn
 With such mixt influence ages yet unborn!

F. Suppose each syllable you say be true:
 For heav'n's sake, what are politics to you?
 What shou'd you do, but, in the peaceful, even,
 Plain road of virtue, lead your flock to heav'n?
 See Ch*****, factious tool! see in his case
 How ill they suit the minister of grace!

A. I see: and that's the reason why I write:
 Rank to my sense I sicken at the sight.
 Long hath that fierce GOLIATH's haughty stride
 The armies of the living Lord defy'd;
 Long hath he unrestrain'd in error trod,
 Apostate to his country, king and God.
 I know, as novice in the muses' train,
 He'll curse me by his Gods in proud disdain;

All these his midnight-Orgies' Gods invoke,
 Revel, the loud loose laugh, the lewd coarse joke;
 And yet I'll face him : he, in whom I trust,
 Shall lay th' enormous giant in the dust.

CH——, stand forth : I dare thee to be try'd
 In that great court where virtue shall preside.
 Thus thou call'dst H-G--TH, but with brutal rage
 To blame the poor poor weakneffes of age.
 In thee I blame the outrages of will,
 Nor rake into thy private life for ill.
 First let me own thy merit : thou hast fire ;
 Which I, who hate the scribbler, still admire.
 Thy rhymes with the conception freely grow,
 Uniting Vigour and harmonious Flow.
 Yet swell not : for thou hast not such pretence
 To charms of fancy as to nervous sense.
 Ev'n where thy painting's strongest I can trace
 Low keen-ey'd malice in the outrag'd face ;
 Malice, which often prompts th' illiterate tongue
 To paint defects with energy of song.

Not can I call thee dense, concise, correct:

But care perhaps may cure this last defect.

To virtue as to nature ever true

H-G--TH still wak'd some moral truth to view:

Folly and vice no longer sat for fame:

Chastising humour laugh'd them into shame.

Is this thy praise—in *one*, of all the men,

That felt beneath thy sanguinary pen?

Can'st thou to Play'rs, thy noblest work, appeal?—

Virtue ne'er wounds, but where she means to heal.

Curst be the verse, tho' by a BOILEAU made,

That hurts an honest bungler in his trade.

This thou hadst granted,—when thy preaching drew

The social dead dull yawn, from pew to pew.—

Thou talk'st of freedom—what? without controul:

Do what we list in wantonness of soul?

Fly, Ruffian, from the haunts of men, repair

To LYBIAN wilds, and seek thy freedom there.

Mix with the tygers, and, in savage joy

Vagrant at large, be mangled or destroy.

Society was form'd on reason's plan,
To check the brutal outrages of man.
From this fair spring the sweets of life we draw :
Then free the most, when most the slaves to law.

“ But law was broken ; gasping in despair
“ Lay freedom, had not PRATT forsooth been there.”
Peace to all such ! oppression's pangs alight
On him, who hurts the guardians of our Right.
Bawl'st thou for PRATT : I'll join the cry with thee :
But thou forget'st thy king, who made him free.

Truth told or could have told thee, that the aim
Of that one act, which faction's sons can blame,
Was not to bear down justice, but to bring
To law's fair ears th' insulter of his king.
Haste to thy friend N—— and demand
What numbers felt beneath his milder hand ;
Tho' they ne'er dar'd to give their king the Lye :
That numbers felt his conscience can't deny.—

From that great age, whose glory was to place
The rights of BRITONS on a steadfast base,

The pow'r devolv'd oft punish'd factious men :
Freedom was safe, altho' no PRATT was then.

'Tis when the ship of state, her weary sides
Shatter'd with all the wrath of hostile tides,
All her unnumber'd foreign danger's past,
Makes for the safe and peaceful port at last ;
If then some savage lifts seductive light
To rob her, lur'd on rocks, of all her freight ;
And yet no punishments the crime o'ertake :
'Tis then our rights and safety are at stake.

States, like machines, thro' all their movements, feel
The ill effects of one disorder'd wheel :
Tho' all the parts, in nice dependence link'd,
In common act ; they have their pow'rs distinct.
While ev'ry subject's rights are fenc'd by law,
The meanest peasant dreading no balhaw ;
While wings of vengeance injur'd rights pursue :
Why shall not CÆSAR have a CÆSAR's due ?
The cottage fir'd, the owner doom'd to bleed,
If rigid justice damns the savage deed ;

H

Shall

Shall he, who sets three kingdoms in a blaze,
 Be judg'd best punish'd only by our praise?
 While law secures the meanest subject's name
 From foul-mouth'd scandal and licentious fame;
 Shall faction hiss with all her snakes aloud,
 Make her mild prince the bye-word of the croud,
 With blackest lyes mislead the public sense:
 And must no laws chastise the base offence?
 Impartial law is but an empty word
 If kings alone must be condemn'd unheard.

'Tis true; however nicely pois'd in scheme,
 All states are verging still to some extreme.
 Calm reason banish'd, passions interfere:
 Here prince encroaches and the people there.
 It is the patriot's part, with watchful eyes
 To mark prevailing interests as they rise,
 To poise the scale with honest steadfast aim;
 Tho' monarchs frown, or madding crouds exclaim.

CH——, while novices in freedom's school
 Know this, thy babbling speaks thee knave or fool.

For crouds do err : unskill'd in wiles of art
 They judge bold falshoods dictates of the heart.
 A wretch as full of loathsome stains of lust,
 As JOB of fores laid ulcer'd in the dust ;
 If he but bawls for freedom——in a trice
 Commences patriot pure from ev'ry vice.
 Coblers, and all the brethren of the jacket,
 Huzza their champion, and enjoy the racket ;
 Remembring now no more the honest shed,
 And children starv'd at home for want of bread.
 The city, on illiterate wealth's pretence
 Affuming the prerogative of sense,
 Claiming, forsooth ! prescriptive right to low'r,
 When her vast sapience dictates not to pow'r.
 Augments the tumult, ready, at command,
 To break o'er law in ruin on the land.

Far less tremendous, HOLLAND, roar thy seas,
 Source of thy danger and thy affluent ease :
 By some tempestuous *Western* gust impel'd,
 They burst, no longer by their mounds withheld ;

The

The yielding mounds subside ; the rushing wave
 Buries a province in a common grave.
 Dreadful the scene, but worse a mob's success ;
 It makes whole kingdoms one waste wilderness.

Ah! CH——, ill this clamour suits with thee——
 Your pardon, Sir : you've chang'd your cloth, I see.
 " I own it : I have thrown aside the gown,
 " And taken to a better friend, the town.
 " Th' admiring town extols my nervous lines ;
 " And I'll make hay, now, while the humour shines.
 " Of Freedom (now the cry) I bawl by rote :
 " The humour changing, I shall change my note.
 " Scribbler of fortune like the Swiss I fire ;
 " As prompted not by conscience, but by hire.
 " As the town likes or hates, I praise or lash :
 " For clink of rhyme, get better clink of cash."

Poor drudge! vile prostitute of parts, design'd
 To benefit, not to corrupt mankind!
 Canst thou——thou canst not——boast TIMOTHEUS' lyre,
 His various pow'rs, his vast unbounded fire.

And

And yet see that great DRYDEN, born to raise
 The BRITISH poesy to ancient praise,
 Almost beneath a ROCHESTER debas'd,
 Grovelling to please a vicious age's taste!
 See how his heav'nly flame ignobly burns;
 Victim of faction, and the tool by turns!
 At last his poor grey hairs, without a friend,
 In want and sorrow to the grave descend.
 See this, and tremble; call the time to view,
 When thou, alas! may'st be a DRYDEN too!

The smile of party changes as the wind:
 But wounds e'er rankle in the injur'd mind.
 When thou, abandon'd to thy foes, by friends
 Who prompt thy venal pen for selfish ends,
 Art forc'd for bread in vile illiberal haste,
 (Tho' heav'n forbid!) to write beneath thy taste;
 Thy vows to thy great master broke for gain
 Thou'lt then regret—but then regret in vain.

This thou may'st be: see what thou might'st have been:
 And own at once thy folly and thy sin.

In virtue's service, striving to inspire
 Mean earthly spirits with the Seraph's fire;
 Like MASON——whom thou view'st with jealous eyes——
 Striving alone by generous arts to rise;
 That providence, which watches o'er the good,
 Nor ever left his seed to beg their food,
 Had rais'd some patron, 'midst the friends of worth,
 To rear thy honest talents from the earth.

But still, if statesmen, in the good old way
 Of serving those, who Jobb for Jobb repay;
 If Lords, long pre-engag'd for every place
 To parson-brothers of the turf or chace;
 'Midst nieces, nephews, and the Lord knows what,
 If prelates too——if all thy worth forgot;
 Yet still one comfort, CH——, lay in store:
 That wanting, prelates, lords, and courtiers too are poor.

Bliss, like the free diffusive lamp of day,
 Illumines all with one impartial ray;
 The dyes of nature draw their various gleam
 Not from the object but this common beam:

Hence low'ring black, fair white, and milder blue :

The inward texture gives the object hue.

Thus happiness shines free and unconfin'd :

Our fate is *colour'd* by our frame of mind.

The virtuous mind feels comfort in the cell :

Black cares of guilt make palaces a hell.

Sometimes they do not : shall we then dismiss

The useless virtue for the guilty bliss ?

Blind mortal, no : while settled laws declare,

That virtue is the MAKER's *general* care ;

The *partial* ills, which breaking thro' the chain

Give vice her triumph, innocence her pain,

The goodness, which presiding o'er the ball

Must love *all* virtue *equally* in all,

Open to view a more exalted plan,

And prove the higher destiny of man.

Fair virtue proves her HEAVEN in every tear ;

And vice, in every triumph, proves her FEAR :

We know, now with no dubious *where* perplext ;

ORDER 's not here : it must be in the next.

F I N I S.

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 The inward texture gives the object hue.
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 Open to view a more exalted plan,
 And prove the higher destiny of man.
 Fair virtue proves her heaven in every tear;
 And vice, in every triumph, proves her rear:
 We know, now with no dubious rays perspicuous,
 Order's not late: it must be in the next.

